

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

# ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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## VIXEN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," &c. &c.

### CHAPTER XII. "HE BELONGS TO THE TAME-CAT SPECIES."

LIFE went on smoothly enough at the Abbey House after that evening. Violet tried to make herself happy among the surroundings of her childhood; petted the horses; drove her basket-carriage with the favourite old pony; went among the villagers; rode her thoroughbred bay for long wild explorations of the forest and neighbouring country; looked with longing eyes, sometimes, at the merry groups riding to the meet; and went her lonely way with a heavy heart. No more hunting for her. She could not hunt alone, and she had declined all friendly offers of escort. It would have seemed a treason against her beloved dead to ride across country by anyone else's side.

Everyone had called at the Abbey House, and welcomed Mrs. Tempest and her daughter back to Hampshire. They had been asked to a kettledrum at Ellangowan Park, to see the marvellous orchid. They had been invited to half-a-dozen dinner-parties.

Violet tried her utmost to persuade her mother that it was much too soon after her father's death to think of visiting.

"My dear Violet," cried the widow, "after going to that ball at Brighton, we could not possibly decline invitations here. It would be an insult to our friends. If we had not gone to the ball——"

"We ought not to have gone," exclaimed Vixen.

"My love, you should have said so at the time."

"Mamma, you know I was strongly against it."

Mrs. Tempest shrugged her shoulders as who should say: "This is too much!"

"I know your dress cost a small fortune, and that you danced every waltz, Violet," she answered; "that is about all I do know."

"Very well, mamma, let us accept all the invitations. Let us be as merry as grigs. Perhaps it will make papa happier in Paradise, to know how happy we are without him. He won't be troubled by any uneasy thoughts about our grief, at all events," added Vixen, with a stifled sob.

"How irreverently you talk! Mr. Scobel would be dreadfully shocked to hear you," said Mrs. Tempest.

The invitations were all accepted, and Mrs. Tempest was in a flutter about her dresses for the rest of the winter. She was very particular as to the exact shade of silver-grey or lavender which might be allowed to relieve the sombre mass of black; and would spend a whole morning in discussing the propriety of a knot of scarlet ribbon, or a border of gold passementerie.

They went to Ellangowan Park and did homage to the wonderful orchid, and discussed Roderick's engagement to the duke's only daughter. Everybody said that it was Lady Jane's doing, and there were some who almost implied that she had died on purpose to bring about the happy conjuncture. Violet was able to talk quite pleasantly about the marriage, and to agree with everybody's praises of Lady Mabel's beauty, elegance, good style, and general perfection.

Christmas and the New Year went by,

not altogether sadly. It is not easy for youth to be full of sorrow. The clouds come and go, there are always glimpses of sunshine. Violet was grateful for the kindness that greeted her everywhere among her old friends, and perhaps a little glad of the evident admiration her beauty awakened in all circles. Life was just tolerable, after all. She thought of Roderick Vawdrey as of something belonging to the past; something which had no part, never would have any part, in her future life. He too was dead and passed away, like her father. Lady Mabel's husband, the master of Briarwood in ease, and of Ashbourne in posse, was quite a different being from the rough lad with whom she had played at battledore and shuttlecock, billiards, croquet, and prisoner's base.

Early in February Mrs. Tempest informed her daughter that she was going to give a dinner.

"It will seem very dreadful without dearest Edward," she said; "but of course, having accepted hospitalities, we are bound to return them."

"Do you really think we ought to burst out into dinner-parties so soon, mamma?"

"Yes, dear, as we accepted the dinners. If we had not gone it would have been different."

"Ah," sighed Vixen, "I suppose it all began with that ball at Brighton, like 'Man's first disobedience, and the fruit——'"

"I shall miss poor McCroke to fill in the invitation cards."

"Let me do it, mamma. I can write a decent hand. That is one of the few lady-like accomplishments I have been able to master; and even that is open to objection as being too masculine."

"If you would slope more, Violet, and make your up-strokes finer, and not cross your t's so undeviatingly," Mrs. Tempest murmured amiably. "A lady's t ought to be less pronounced. There is something too assertive in your consonants."

Violet wrote the cards. The dinner was to be quite a grand affair, three weeks' notice, and a French cook from the Dolphin at Southampton, to take the conduct of affairs in the kitchen; whereby the Abbey House cook declared afterwards, that there was nothing that Frenchman did which she could not have done as well, and that his wastefulness was enough to make a Christian woman's hair stand on end.

Three days before the dinner, Vixen, riding Arion home through the shrubbery,

after a long morning in the forest, was startled by the vision of a dogcart a few yards in front of her, a cart which, at the first glance, she concluded must belong to Roderick Vawdrey. The wheels were red, the horse had a rakish air, the light vehicle swung from side to side as it span round the curve.

No, that slim figure, that neat waist, that military air, did not belong to Roderick Vawdrey.

"He here!" ejaculated Vixen inwardly, with infinite disgust. "I hoped we had seen the last of him."

She had been out for two hours and a half, and felt that Arion had done quite enough, or she would have turned her horse's head and gone back to the forest, in order to avoid this unwelcome visitor.

"I only hope mamma won't encourage him to come here," she thought; "but I'm afraid that smooth tongue of his has too much influence over her. And I haven't even poor Crokey to stand by me. I shall feel like a bird transfixed by the wicked green eyes of a velvet-pawed murdering cat."

"And I have not a friend in the world," she thought. "Plenty of pleasant acquaintance, ready to simper at me and pay me compliments, because I am Miss Tempest of the Abbey House, but not one honest friend to stand by me, and turn that man out of doors. How dare he come here? I thought I spoke plainly enough that night at Brighton."

She rode slowly up to the house, slipped lightly out of her saddle, and led her horse round to the stables, just as she had led the pony in her happy childish days. The bright thoroughbred bay was as fond of her as if he had been a dog, and as tame. She stood by his manger caressing him while he eat his corn, and feeling very safe from Captain Winstanley's society in the sweet clover-scented stable.

She dawdled away half an hour in this manner, before she went back to the house, and ran up to her dressing-room.

"If mamma sends for me now, I shan't be able to go down," she thought. "He can hardly stay more than an hour. Oh horror! he is a tea-drinker; mamma will persuade him to stop till five o'clock."

Violet dawdled over her change of dress as she had dawdled in the stable. She had never been more particular about her hair.

"I'll have it all taken down, Phoebe," she told her abigail; "I'm in no hurry."

"But really, miss, it's beautiful——"

"Nonsense, after a windy ride; don't be

lazy, Phoebe. You may give my hair a good brushing while I read."

A tap at the door came at this moment, and Phoebe ran to open it.

"Mrs. Tempest wishes Miss Tempest to come down to the drawing-room directly," said a voice in the corridor.

"There now, miss," cried Phoebe, "how lucky I didn't take your hair down. It never was nicer."

Violet put on her black dress, costly and simple as the attire Polonius recommended to his son. Mrs. Tempest might relieve her costume with what bright or delicate hues she liked. Violet had worn nothing but black since her father's death. Her sole ornaments were a pair of black earrings, and a large black enamel locket, with one big diamond shining in the middle of it, like an eye. This locket held the squire's portrait, and his daughter wore it constantly.

The Louis Quatorze clock on the staircase struck five as Violet went down.

"Of course he is staying for tea," she thought, with an impatient shrug of her shoulders. "He belongs to the tame-cat species, and has an inexhaustible flow of gossip, spiced with mild malevolence. The kind of frivolous ill-nature which says: 'I would not do anyone harm for the world, but one may as well think the worst of everybody.'"

Yes, kettledrum was in full swing. Mrs. Scobel had come over from her tiny vicarage for half-an-hour's chat, and was sitting opposite her hostess's fire, while Captain Winstanley lounged with his back to the canopied chimneypiece, and looked benignantly down upon the two ladies. The Queen-Anne kettle was hissing merrily over its spirit-lamp, the perfume of the pekoe was delicious, the logs blazed cheerily in the low fireplace, with its shining brass andirons. Not a repulsive picture, assuredly; yet Vixen came slowly towards this charmed circle, looking black as thunder.

Captain Winstanley hurried forward to receive her.

"How do you do?" she said, as stiffly as a child brought down to the drawing-room, bristling in newly-brushed hair and a best frock, and then turning to her mother, she asked curtly: "What did you want with me, mamma?"

"It was Captain Winstanley who asked to see you, my dear. Won't you have some tea?"

"Thanks, no," said Vixen, seating her-

self in a corner between Mrs. Scobel and the mantelpiece, and beginning to talk about the schools.

Conrad Winstanley gave her a curious look from under his dark brows, and then went on talking to her mother. He seemed hardly disconcerted by her rudeness.

"Yes, I assure you, if it hadn't been for the harriers, Brighton would have been unbearable after you left," he said. "I went over to Paris directly the frost set in. But I don't wonder you were anxious to come back to such a lovely old place as this."

"I felt it a duty to come back," said Mrs. Tempest, with a pious air. "But it was very sad at first. I never felt so unhappy in my life. I am getting more reconciled now. Time softens all griefs."

"Yes," said the captain, in a louder tone than before, "Time is a clever horse. There is nothing he won't beat, if you know how to ride him."

"You'll take some tea?" insinuated Mrs. Tempest, her attention absorbed by the silver kettle, which was just now conducting itself as spitfireishly as any blackened block-tin on a kitchen hob.

"I can never resist it. And perhaps after tea you will be so good as to give me the treat you talked about just now."

"To show you the house," said Mrs. Tempest. "Do you think we shall have light enough?"

"Abundance. An old house like this is seen at its best in the twilight. Don't you think so, Mrs. Scobel?"

"Oh yes," exclaimed Mrs. Scobel, with a lively recollection of her album. "'They who would see Melrose aright should see it'—I think, by-the-bye, Sir Walter Scott says, 'by moonlight.'"

"Yes, for an ancient gothic abbey; but twilight is better for a Tudor manor-house. Are you sure it will not fatigue you?" enquired the captain, with an air of solicitude, as Mrs. Tempest rose languidly.

"No; I shall be very pleased to show you the dear old place. It is full of sad associations, of course, but I do not allow my mind to dwell upon them more than I can help."

"No," cried Vixen bitterly. "We go to dinner-parties, and kettledrums, and go into raptures about orchids and old china, and try to cure our broken hearts that way."

"Are you coming, Violet?" asked her mother sweetly.

"No, thanks, mamma. I am tired after

my ride. Mrs. Scobel will help you to play cicerone."

Captain Winstanley left the room without so much as a look at Violet Tempest. Yet her rude reception had galled him more than any cross that Fate had lately inflicted upon him. He had fancied that time would have softened her feelings towards him, that rural seclusion and the society of rustic nobodies would have made him appear at an advantage, that she would have welcomed the brightness and culture of metropolitan life in his person. He had hoped a great deal from the lapse of time since their last meeting. But this sullen reception, this silent expression of dislike, told him that Violet Tempest's aversion was a plant of deep root.

"The first woman who ever disliked me," he thought. "No wonder that she interests me more than other women. She is like that chestnut mare that threw me six times before I got the better of her. Yet she proved the best horse I ever had, and I rode her till she hadn't a leg to stand upon, and then sold her for twice the money she cost me. There are two conquests a man can make over a woman, one to make her love him, the other——"

"That suit of chain-armour was worn by Sir Gilbert Tempest at Acre," said the widow. "The plate-armour belonged to Sir Percy, who was killed at Barnet. Each of them was knighted before he was five-and-twenty years old, for prowess in the field. The portrait over the chimney-piece is the celebrated Judge Tempest, who was famous for—— Well, he did something wonderful, I know. Perhaps Mrs. Scobel remembers," concluded Mrs. Tempest feebly.

"It was at the trial of the seven bishops," suggested the vicar's wife.

"In the time of Queen Elizabeth," assented Mrs. Tempest. "That one with the lace cravat and steel breastplate was an admiral in Charles the Second's reign, and was made a baronet after the repulse of the Dutch fleet at Flushing. The baronetcy died with his son, who left only daughters. The eldest married a Mr. Percival, who took the name of Tempest, and sat for the borough of—— Perhaps Mrs. Scobel knows. I have such a bad memory for these things; though I have heard my dear husband talk about them so often."

Captain Winstanley looked round the great oak-panelled hall dreamily, and heard very little of Mrs. Tempest's vague prattling about her husband's ancestors.

What a lovely old place, he was thinking. A house that would give a man importance in the land, supported, as it was, by an estate bringing in something between five and six thousand a year. How much military distinction, how many battles must a soldier win before he could make himself master of such a fortune?

"And it needed but for that girl to like me, and a little gold ring would have given me the freehold of it all," thought Conrad Winstanley bitterly.

How many penniless girls, or girls with fortunes so far beneath the measure of a fine gentleman's needs as to be useless, had been over head and ears in love with the elegant captain! How many pretty girls had tempted him by their beauty and winsomeness to be false to his grand principle that marriage meant promotion! And here was an obstinate minx who would have realised all his aims, and whom he felt himself able to love to distraction into the bargain, and, behold! some adverse devil had entered into her mind, and made Conrad Winstanley hateful to her.

"It's like witchcraft," he said to himself. "Why should this one woman be different from all other women? Perhaps it's the colour. That ruddy auburn hair, the loveliest I ever saw, means temper. But I conquered the chestnut, and I'll conquer Miss Tempest—or make her smart for it."

"A handsome music-gallery, is it not?" said the widow. "The carved balustrade is generally admired."

Then they went into the dining-room, and looked at about a dozen large dingy pictures of the Italian School, which a man who knew anything about art would have condemned at a glance. Fine examples of brown varnish, all of them. Thence to the library, lined with books, which nobody had opened for a generation—Livy, Gibbon, Hume, Burke, Smollett, Plutarch, Thompson. These sages, clad in shiny brown leather and gilding, made as good a lining for the walls as anything else, and gave an air of snugness to the room in which the family dined when there was no company. They came presently to the squire's den, at the end of a corridor.

"That was my dear husband's study," sighed Mrs. Tempest. "It looks south, into the rose garden, and is one of the prettiest rooms in the house. But we keep it locked, and I think Violet has the key."

"Pray don't let Miss Tempest be dis-



turbed. I have seen quite enough to know what a delightful house you have—all the interest of days that are gone, all the luxuries of to-day. I think that blending of past and present is most fascinating. I should never be a severe restorer of antiquity, or refuse to sit in a chair that wasn't undeniably gothic."

"Ah," sighed the vicar's wife, who was an advanced disciple in the school of Eastlake, "but don't you think everything should be in harmony? If I were as rich as Mrs. Tempest, I wouldn't have so much as a teapot that was not strictly Tudor."

"Then I'm afraid you'd have to go without a teapot, and drink your tea out of a tankard," retorted Captain Winstanley.

"At any rate, I would be as Tudor as I could be."

"And not have a brass bedstead, a spring mattress, or a coal-scuttle in your house," said the captain. "My dear madam, it is all very well to be mediæval in matters ecclesiastic, but home comforts must not be suppressed in the pursuit of the æsthetic, or a modern luxury discarded, because it looks like an anachronism."

Mrs. Scobel was delighted with Captain Winstanley. He was just the kind of man to succeed in a rustic community. His quiet self-assurance set other people at their ease. He carried with him an air of life and movement, as if he were the patentee of a new pleasure.

"My husband would be so pleased to see you at the vicarage, if you are staying any time in the neighbourhood," she said.

But after this little gush of friendliness, she reflected that there could not be much sympathy between the man of society and her Anglican parson; and that it was she, and not Ignatius Scobel, who would be glad to see Captain Winstanley at the vicarage.

"I shall be charmed," he replied. "I never was so delighted with any place as your Forest. It is a new world to me. I hate myself for having lived in England so long without knowing this beautiful corner of the land. I am staying with my old chief, Colonel Pryke, at Warham Court, and I am only here for a few days."

"But you are coming to my dinner-party?" said Mrs. Tempest.

"That is a pleasure I cannot deny myself."

"And you will come and see our church and schools?" said Mrs. Scobel.

"I shall be more than pleased. I passed your pretty little church, I think, on my

way here. There was a tin tea—a bell ringing—"

"For vespers," explained Mrs. Scobel.

The exploration of the house took a long time, conducted in this somewhat desultory and dawdling manner; but the closing in of night and the sound of the dinner-gong gave the signal for Captain Winstanley's departure.

Mrs. Tempest would have liked to ask him to dinner; but she had an idea that Violet might make herself objectionable, and refrained from this exercise of hospitality. He was coming to the great dinner. He would see her dress with the feather trimming, which was really prettier than Worth's masterpiece—or, at any rate, newer—though it only came from Madame Theodore, of Bruton Street. Sustained by this reflection, she parted from him quite cheerfully.

#### CHAPTER XIII. "HE WAS WORTHY TO BE LOVED FOR A LIFETIME."

CONRAD WINSTANLEY had come to the New Forest with his mind resolved upon one of two things. He meant to marry Violet Tempest, or her mother. If the case were quite hopeless with the daughter, he would content himself with winning the lesser prize; and though Vanity whispered that there was no woman living he might not win for himself, if he chose to be sufficiently patient and persevering, instinct told him that Violet frankly detested him.

"After all," argued Worldly Wisdom, "the alternative is not to be despised. The widow is somewhat rocco; an old-fashioned jewel kept in cotton-wool, and brought out on occasions, to shine with a factitious brilliancy; but she is still pretty. She is ductile, amiable, weak to a degree that promises a husband the sovereign dominion. Why break your heart for this fair devil of a daughter, who looks capable, if offended, of anything in the way of revenge, from a horsewhip to slow poison? Are a pair of brown eyes and a coronal of red-gold hair worth all this wasted passion?"

"But the daughter is the greater catch," urged Ambition. "The dowager's jointure is well enough, and she has the Abbey House and gardens for her life, but Violet will be mistress of the estate when she comes of age. As Violet's husband, your position would be infinitely better than it could be as her stepfather. Unhappily, the cantankerous minx has taken it into her head to dislike you."

"Stay," interjected the bland voice of Vanity, "may not this dislike be only an assumption, a mask for some deeper feeling? There are girls who show their love in that way. Do not be in a hurry to commit yourself to the mother, until you have made yourself quite sure about the daughter."

Mrs. Tempest's dinner-party was a success. It introduced Captain Winstanley to all that was best in the surrounding society; for although in Switzerland he had seemed very familiar with the best people in the Forest, in Hampshire he appeared almost a stranger to them. It was generally admitted, however, that the captain was an acquisition, and a person to be cultivated. He sang a French comic song almost as well as Monsieur de Roseau, recited a short American poem, which nobody had ever heard before, with telling force. He was at home upon every subject, from orchids to steam-ploughs, from ordnance to light literature. A man who sang so well, talked so well, looked so well, and behaved so well, could not be otherwise than welcome in county society. Before the evening was over, Captain Winstanley had been offered three hunters for the next day's run, and had been asked to write in four albums.

Violet did not honour him with so much as a look, after the one cold recognition of his first appearance in the drawing-room. It was a party of more than twenty people, and she was able to keep out of his way without obvious avoidance of him. He was stung, but had no right to be offended.

He took Mrs. Scobel in to dinner, and Mrs. Scobel played the accompaniment of his song, being a clever little woman, able to turn her hand to anything. He would have preferred to be told off to some more important matron, but was not sorry to be taken under Mrs. Scobel's wing. She would be useful to him, no doubt, in the future; a social Iris, to fetch and carry for him between Beechdale and the Abbey House.

"Do you know that I am quite in love with your Forest?" he said to Mrs. Tempest, standing in front of the ottoman where that lady sat with two of her particular friends; "so much so, that I am actually in treaty for Captain Hawbuck's cottage, and mean to stay here till the end of the hunting."

Everybody knew Captain Hawbuck's cottage, a verandahed box of a house, on the slope of the hill above Beechdale.

"I'm afraid you'll find the drawing-room chimney smoke," said a lady in sea-green; "poor Mrs. Hawbuck was a martyr to that chimney."

"What does a bachelor want with a drawing-room? If there is one sitting-room in which I can burn a good fire, I shall be satisfied. The stable is in very fair order."

"The Hawbucks kept a pony-carriage," assented the sea-green lady.

"If Mrs. Hawbuck accepts my offer, I shall send for my horses next week," said the captain.

Mrs. Tempest blushed. Her life had flowed in so gentle and placid a current, that the freshness of her soul had not worn off, and at nine-and-thirty she was able to blush. There was something so significant in Captain Winstanley's desire to establish himself at Beechdale, that she could not help feeling fluttered by the fact. It might be on Violet's account, of course, that he came; yet Violet and he had never got on very well together.

"Poor fellow!" she thought blandly, "if he for a moment supposes that anything would tempt me to marry again, he is egregiously mistaken."

And then she looked round the lovely old room, brightened by a crowd of well-dressed people, and thought that next to being Edward Tempest's wife, the best thing in life was to be Edward Tempest's widow.

"Dear Edward!" she mused, "how strange that we should miss him so little to-night."

It had been with everyone as if the squire had never lived. Politeness exacted this ignoring of the past, no doubt; but the thing had been so easily done. The noble presence, the jovial laugh, the friendly smile were gone, and no one seemed conscious of the void—no one but Violet, who looked round the room once when conversation was liveliest, with a pale indignant face, resenting this forgetfulness.

"I wish papa's ghost would come in at that door, and scare his hollow-hearted friends," she said to herself, and she felt as if it would hardly have been a surprise to her to see the door open slowly and that familiar figure appear.

"Well, Violet," Mrs. Tempest said sweetly, when the guests were gone, "how do you think it all went off?"

"It" of course meant the dinner-party. "I suppose, according to the nature of such things, it was all right and proper,"

Vixen answered coldly; "but I should think it must have been intensely painful to you, mamma."

Mrs. Tempest sighed. She had always a large selection of sighs in stock, suitable to every occasion.

"I should have felt it much worse if I had sat in my old place," she said, "but sitting at the middle of the table instead of at the end, made it less painful. And I really think it's better style. How did you like the new arrangement of the glasses?"

"I didn't notice anything new."

"My dear Violet, you are frightfully unobservant."

"No, I am not," answered Vixen quickly. "My eyes are keen enough, believe me."

Mrs. Tempest felt uncomfortable. She began to think that, after all, it might be a comfortable thing to have a companion—as a fender between herself and Violet. A perpetually present Miss Jones or Smith would ward off these unpleasantnesses.

There are occasions, however, in which a position must be faced boldly—in proverbial phrase, the bull must be taken by the horns. And here, Mrs. Tempest felt, was a bull which must be so encountered. She knew that her poor little hands were too feeble for the office; but she told herself that she must make the heroic attempt.

"Violet, why have you such a rooted dislike to Captain Winstanley?"

"Why is my hair the colour it is, mamma, or why are my eyes brown instead of blue? If you could answer my question, I might be able to answer yours. Nature made me what I am, and nature has implanted a hatred of Captain Winstanley in my mind."

"Do you not think it wrong to hate anyone—the very word 'hate' was considered unladylike when I was a girl—without cause?"

"I have cause to hate him, good cause, sufficient cause. I hate all self-seekers and adventurers."

"You have no right to call him one or the other."

"Have I not? What brings him here, but the pursuit of his own interest? Why does he plant himself at our door as if he were come to besiege a town? Do you mean to say, mamma, that you can be so blind as not to see what he wants?"

"He has come for the hunting."

"Yes, but not to hunt our foxes or our stags. He wants a rich wife, mamma.

And he thinks that you or I will be foolish enough to marry him."

"There would be nothing unnatural in his entertaining some idea of that kind about you," replied Mrs. Tempest, with a sudden assertion of matronly pride. "But for him to think of me in that light would be too absurd. I must be some years, perhaps four or five years, his senior, to begin with."

"Oh, he would forgive you that; he would not mind that."

"And he ought to know that I should never dream of marrying again."

"He ought, if he had any idea of what is right and noble in a woman," answered Vixen. "But he has not. He has no ideas that do not begin and end in himself and his own advantage. He sees you here with a handsome house and a good income, and he thinks that he can persuade you to marry him."

"Violet, you must know that I shall never marry."

"I hope I do know it. But the world ought to know it too. People ought not to be allowed to whisper, and smile, and look significant; as I saw some of them do to-night when Captain Winstanley was hanging over your chair. You ought not to encourage him, mamma. It is a treason against my father to have that man here."

Here was a bull that required prompt and severe handling, but Mrs. Tempest felt her powers inadequate to the effort.

"I am surprised at you, Violet!" she exclaimed; "as if I did not know, as well as you, what is due to my poor Edward; as if I should do anything to compromise my own dignity. Is it to encourage a man to ask him to a dinner-party, when he happens to be visiting in the neighbourhood? Can I forbid Captain Winstanley to take the Hawbucks' cottage?"

"No, you have gone too far already. You gave him too much encouragement in Switzerland, and at Brighton. He has attached himself to us like a limpet to a rock. You will not easily get rid of him; unless you let him see that you understand and despise him."

"I see nothing despicable in him, and I am not going to insult him at your bidding," answered the widow, tremulous with anger. "I do not believe him to be a schemer or an adventurer. He is a gentleman by birth, education, profession. It is a supreme insolence on your part to speak of him as you do. What can you know of

the world? How can you judge and measure a man like Captain Winstanley, a girl like you, hardly out of the nursery? It is too absurd. And understand at once and for ever, Violet, that I will not be hectorred or lectured in this manner, that I will not be dictated to, or taught what is good taste, in my own house. This is to be my own house, you know, as long as I live."

"Yes, unless you give it a new master," said Violet gravely. "Forgive me if I have been too vehement, mamma. It is my love that is bold. Whom have I in this world to love now, except you? And when I see you in danger—when I see the softness of your nature—Dear mother, there are some instincts that are stronger than reason. There are some antipathies which are implanted in us for warnings. Remember what a happy life you led with my dear father—his goodness, his overflowing generosity, his noble heart. There is no man worthy to succeed him, to live in his house. Dear mother, for pity's sake——"

She was kneeling at her mother's feet, clinging to her hands, her voice half choked with sobs. Mrs. Tempest began to cry too.

"My dearest Violet, how can you be so foolish? My love, don't cry. I tell you that I shall never marry again—never. Not if I were asked to become a countess. My heart is true to your dear father; it always will be. I am almost sorry that I consented to these scarlet bows on my dress, but the feather trimming looked so heavy without them, and Theodore's eye for colour is perfect. My dear child, be assured I shall carry his image with me to my grave."

"Dear mother, that is all I ask. Be as happy as you can; but be true to him. He was worthy to be loved for a lifetime; not to be put off with half a life, half a heart."

#### PANIC AND PANICS.

A RECENT calamity, of an unusually distressing nature, marks a year exceptionally distinguished for the great loss of life by disaster that has marked it. The incident at Liverpool in the month of October illustrates two important matters, which deserve the serious attention of the public, and the influence which, in many ways, some supervising authority ought to exert. These matters

are—the deficiency of facilities for exit from public buildings expected to be frequently filled with large numbers of persons; and the terrible effects of panic on an excited crowd.

Architects, it must fairly be admitted, have not yet adopted, in a general and systematic way, such provisions as are urgently required for the quick departure of great bodies of persons from enclosed buildings; nor are the proprietors of such buildings sufficiently alive to the fact that a little extra expenditure for this purpose would be well laid out. Indeed, it is not certain that there need be any extra expense: a slight modification of constructive plan being, in most cases, all that would be required. It appears, unfortunately, to be tacitly assumed that if the doorways are sufficient for entrance, they will be sufficient also for exit. Disaster, however, shows us that such is not the case; and it is becoming more and more a duty, on the part alike of those who execute the work, and those who pay for the execution, to weigh this matter fully and carefully. It should be insisted on as a *sine qua non*, in planning and erecting large public halls, concert-rooms, theatres, churches, and chapels, that good facilities for exit should form part of the scheme planned by the architect. Many readers of this page can readily call to mind two of the largest and most important concert-halls in the metropolis in which this requirement has not been attended to; and must often have been struck with the conviction that, if a sudden rush were made by persons hastening from either hall under the influence of panic, unspeakable misery might be the lot of hundreds of families, relations, and friends of the hapless persons present.

One among the instances of this kind occurred at Dundee about a dozen years ago. By a strange architectural or non-architectural arrangement, or an addition made after the original erection of the building, a music-hall was situated under a chapel—or, at any rate, a large room, which on one fatal evening was used for gymnastic and other entertainments. There was a descent of thirteen steps to this room from the street. At the hour of opening, one leaf or half of the outer door only was opened; the crowd pressing against the other half burst it in, and a wild mass of screaming persons, mostly boys and girls, were hurled down the steps, at the bottom of which they



lay in a heap. Thirteen of them were suffocated or trampled to death. In this case the constructional defect was in having a descending instead of an ascending staircase from the street to the hall, coupled with a deficiency of barriers at or near the entrance.\*

A calamity eclipsing, we believe, all others of the kind in the amount of human life sacrificed, occurred in 1863 at Santiago, the capital of Chili, in South America. A service of exceptional magnificence was performed at the church of La Campana, in honour of the Immaculate Conception. Women and girls formed the chief part of the congregation on the fatal evening; a great proportion belonging to the upper and middle classes of society, and well representing the grace and beauty of Spanish American ladies. The interior of the church was decorated with lavish adornment—of such kind as almost to tempt the incidence of disaster by fire; muslins and draperies were visible on all sides, while thousands of coloured lamps were hung in festoons. The place was completely filled by half-past six o'clock, and yet hundreds more pressed for admission. Acolytes were busily engaged in kindling the wax tapers at the altar, others the lamps festooned around the building. This was safely accomplished; but disaster commenced with their next duty, that of lighting a silver crescent containing paraffin, placed at the foot of a large image of the Virgin Mary. Through some clumsiness the flame from this lamp shot up too high, and ignited the muslin and lace trappings of the image. The wild contagion of fire set in; the flame communicated to a canopy of cloth of gold over the image, which in its turn ignited other hangings and draperies; until, at length, a blaze encircled the whole interior. The miserable congregation, too closely pressed to move quickly, looked anxiously at the doors, which were few in number—not only few, but closed, and blocked by crowds outside. Many ladies continued kneeling for awhile, not fully realising what was going on around them; others, in wild excitement, stumbled over them and trampled them to death. "In a few minutes," said a local authority, "great

walls twelve feet high, of fainting, trampled, dying, and dead women and girls, entangled in each other's dresses, barricaded the only portals of exit available, shutting off from outward help upwards of eighteen hundred ladies, who stood face to face with death." A large central dome, mostly built of timber, was soon in a blaze; the sheet-lead which covered the exterior melted, and a rain of molten metal fell on the hapless women. The cords which suspended the festoons of coloured lamps snapped, and a liquid fire of paraffin sprinkled the garments, finishing the dreadful work, burning to death those who had not been crushed. Finally the roof fell, burying all the dead and dying. Very few were saved. The men of Santiago were for a long time in a state of exasperation against the priests, who had effected their own escape and secured the church plate, jewels, and relics, but refused to allow the women to avail themselves of possible escape by a door leading to the sacristy.

In the above-described two instances, Dundee and Santiago, there was no panic, no overpowering fear impelling to reckless action. Ill-managed doors and entrances, ill-managed lamps and draperies, produced the mischief. Other instances, which the disaster at Liverpool illustrates, have an additional element in them. What the word "panic" means etymologically our dictionaries will tell us; what it means in reality is truly remarkable. Few impulses, whether called feelings, yearnings, sentiments, passions, are more irresistible than panic, or more completely beyond the control of those who are affected by them. Epidemic we may almost consider it, each person catching it from his neighbour, and communicating it to the next. In one sense we may say that panic and sympathy have something in common; but sympathy may be quiet and steady, which panic never is; the one may be like a gentle stream, the other more resembles a rushing torrent, overpowering all the barriers which human prudence may set up against it. Panics in large public buildings are a most prolific source of calamity; and a few cited instances will show that a cry of "Fire!" is in most cases the immediate exciting cause.

Just about thirty years ago, at the Victoria Theatre in the Waterloo Road, an immense audience had collected at the entrances on Boxing Night. When the time of opening arrived, a rush took place at the

\* Fires in theatres, and the precautions recommended either to lessen the liability of their occurrence or to facilitate their extinction, formed the subject of a paper in an earlier number of ALL THE YEAR ROUND, April 28th, 1877, Vol. 18, New Series, p. 199. It did not touch the subject of panics, which is more especially the topic in this place.

gallery door. The first-comers and the strongest persons got in first and ascended the stairs. The pressure behind continuing, the screams of women told how terrific it became; and one called out "Murder!" to relieve herself from the crush which was suffocating her. Whether to further this object, or through unreasoning fright, or for pure mischief, another person shouted "Fire!" This was enough. Men and women, boys and girls, were alike seized with frenzy of panic, and rushed downstairs to escape. No wonder that some of those at the bottom were overthrown by the avalanche of human beings from above, a few pressed to death, and a greater number seriously injured. Panic would have sufficed to produce such a result as this, even if the staircase and entrance had been wider.

In the old days when Sadler's Wells was famous for the attraction of "real water," and long before the late Mr. Phelps had raised the little theatre to the dignity of the best home of the legitimate drama in London, a fight took place in the pit one crowded evening. Some persons cried out, "A fight!" others interpreted this word to be "Fire!" a rush of panic-stricken people to the doors began, and eighteen mangled dead bodies told the result.

A religious service was connected at the Surrey Music Hall with a catastrophe in 1856, less appalling in regard to the amount of life lost than that at Santiago church, and resulting from a false alarm of fire. The celebrated preacher, Mr. Spurgeon, finding his congregation too large to be accommodated at his chapel in Park Street, Southwark, hired Exeter Hall for a series of Sundays. His fame gaining more and more, even this large hall was found too small; and his friends looked about for one of still more ample dimensions. It happened that the Surrey Zoological Gardens had some time before been taken by a limited liability company, who built a grand hall, capable of accommodating seven or eight thousand persons, in which M. Jullien conducted a series of popular concerts. The building was a remarkable one, having three large galleries one above another, and four circular stone staircases in the four corners—affording much better facilities for exit than are possessed by most concert-rooms, music-halls, and great public rooms. When seven thousand persons had assembled in this hall one particular Sunday evening, Mr. Superin-

tendent Lund, of the Metropolitan Police, ordered the doors to be closed, in order to prevent an undue crowding of the interior. About a quarter of an hour after the service had commenced, some persons rose in the body of the hall, and one of them cried out "Fire!" It was never clearly known whether this was fright or diabolical mischief, nor what caused the fright, if fright it were. The fatal word had been uttered, and panic ensued. Without waiting to make enquiries, the large congregation began to rush to the places of exit at the corners. Escape from the body of the hall was comparatively easy; not so from the galleries. The people in the lowest of the galleries, for some reason or other, or for no reason, mostly crowded to one particular staircase. On the landing at the top of the stone stairs they encountered another crowd hastening down from the second and third galleries. The balustrades, strong enough to serve their usual purpose, were unequal to this enormous strain; they gave way, and numbers of persons were precipitated to the ground, while trampling and suffocating continued on the landing and staircases.

It was as one consequence of this lamentable catastrophe that Mr. Spurgeon, when the plans for his new Tabernacle were being prepared, made a stipulation that the doors, passages, and staircases should be so numerous and so roomy, that eight thousand persons could make their exit in a few minutes. This was done, and the remarkable building near Newington Causeway is one of the safest structures in London. This, however, does not exactly touch the matter at issue; seeing that the calamity at the Surrey Hall occurred, not through any deficiency in the number of exits, but from the crush occurring at one of them, while the other three were left comparatively clear. It might be worth considering whether, at any time, a staircase used for a lower gallery should also be the channel of exit for the persons in an upper gallery; one stream necessarily pours down upon another under such an arrangement, a block occurs at the landings, and the slightest alarm or excitement may lead to fatal overturning and crushing. Still worse is the case when a corkscrew staircase brings down three streams of people from as many galleries to a bottom landing, already crowded with persons emerging from the body of the building.

Liverpool in 1870 presented another

instance of calamity visiting a body of persons engaged in divine worship; showing, if proof were necessary, that the excellence of the motive which brings persons together does not exempt them from dangers arising out of defective arrangements, carelessness, or fright. The Roman Catholic Church of St. Joseph, a plain brick structure accommodating two thousand persons, had a schoolroom under it capable of holding six hundred more. There were only two entrances. Inside the south door was a small landing, from which stairs ascended on one side to the chapel, and on the other descended to the schoolroom; while the outer portal was not much wider than an ordinary street-door. At a particular season a series of special services were held in the church; and two of these were held simultaneously on one Sunday evening, in the chapel and the schoolroom respectively. While two sermons were going on, a drunken man staggered down the steps into the schoolroom, forced his way in and made a loud and rude observation to the priest—something to the effect of "Shut up!" The congregation became excited, cries of "Turn him out!" arose, a struggle ensued, and a window was broken near the entrance. Some one in the midst of the tumult cried out "Fire!" and then the panic at once set in, communicating instantly from the one congregation to the other. Hundreds of excited people rushed to the doorways—a descending stream from the chapel met on the landing an ascending stream from the schoolroom—overthrowing and crushing to death were the inevitable consequences. Those who had thus rushed from their seats were too paralysed with fear to return to them; but where panic was prevented at the outset, no disaster occurred. The Rev. Father O'Neill, giving evidence a day or two afterwards at a coroner's inquest, said that, while preaching in the schoolroom there arose a cry of "Fire!" loud enough to be heard throughout the room, coming from the south end window, and in what appeared to be a boy's voice. "In one instant, like an electric shock, it took effect; the congregation rose screaming and in great excitement. I then at once entreated them to engage in audible prayer, stating that there was no cause for alarm. In this way I quieted the greater majority." Electric shock is a well-used expression here, scarcely exaggerating the real nature of panic.

The recent deplorable event in the same busy city resulted in the death of more than twice as many unhappy sufferers as the one just described. It occurred among a body of pleasure-seekers, instead of a congregation of worshippers; but, in the one case as in the other, panic was the mischief-maker. A large music-hall was crowded with persons of both sexes; singing was going on, somewhat interrupted by a disturbance at the lower end of the hall; a cry of "Fire!" arose, no one knows whether from fear or as a mischievous joke. A stampede ensued; the entrances and exits were more numerous than is usual in such buildings; but the maddened people rushed chiefly to one, down the stairs from the gallery, and even sliding down the columns into the pit. The managers and the police succeeded, after a time, in stemming the torrent, but not until thirty-seven crushed bodies were heaped up indiscriminately near one doorway. The utterance of the single word "Fire!"—an exclamation for which there was no real cause whatever—wrought all the mischief. In no former instance, whether noticed in this article, or omitted for want of space, was the direful nature of panic more clearly manifested than in this.

In what way moral discipline can be brought to bear on the subject is difficult to determine. Perhaps physiologists and psychologists would tell us that self-control in panic is equivalent to self-control of the nervous system; at any rate, some good may be effected by drawing attention to this incontrovertible fact—that of all the disasters which have occurred in crowded buildings, more have been occasioned by panic resulting from false alarms of fire, than by real fire itself through the use of lights or ill-managed heating apparatus. The catastrophe at Santiago was of course an exception, on account of the vast sacrifice of human beings; but it remains true, as we have just said, that the majority have been false alarms rather than real dangers.

While these pages are being written, the following appears in *The Times*, aptly illustrating this matter: "During a marriage in a negro church at Lynchburg, Virginia, on Wednesday night, a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling, causing the crowded congregation to rush to the door. Ten persons were killed and thirty injured." So far as the account tells, no cry of "Fire!" was heard or uttered; the fall of

the bit of plaster produced a panic, the panic produced a rush to the door, the rush produced the overthrowing of those in front by those in the rear, and the fatal result soon showed itself in a confused heap of mangled and stifled people.

#### ANGÉLIQUE'S MARTINGALE.

"MONSIEUR, monsieur!" cries a shrill small voice just down by my elbow, as a lean brown hand clutches eagerly at my sleeve. "Monsieur, monsieur! voilà la colonne trente-quatre qui rentre comme tous les diables!"

We are not at war, and the column thirty-four is not, as might be supposed, a band of heroes returning, victorious or otherwise, from the field. In truth I very much doubt whether either of these events would have aroused in the breast of my small informant anything like the enthusiasm which marks her present announcement. For my shrill little friend, who is so interested in the proceedings of the column thirty-four, and so familiar with the manners of "tous les diables," is Angélique, and Angélique is the daughter of my professor.

Profes or of — ? Yes; exactly. Of the trente-et-quarante; or rather, at this moment, of the roulette, for I do not much affect the former, having, I must confess, even after all these seasons, my doubts as to how far the arithmetic of the dealer is always to be trusted, unless of course it be checked from point to point by an experienced galerie close behind him. At this particular time I am playing—for me—heavily. That is to say, I am working with a capital of some few hundreds, and as my line of play depends entirely upon the general run of the game, I am employing a "professor" to mark it for me, and save me the fatigue of watching, as has sometimes to be done, for half-a-dozen hours before the desired combination will arise. They are quaint creatures, these professors. Men with infallible systems, all of them; systems, too, requiring so small a capital—thirty francs is, I think, the favourite sum—that there is really no excuse for not becoming a millionaire. For you have nothing to do but just to furnish the thirty francs. They will do all the playing, and give you half the profits. The curious thing is that, though so constantly sharing the enormous bénéfices realised for their clients, and with the

power always in their hands—when once the initial thirty francs shall have turned up—of making a fortune on their own account, these ingenious gentlemen seem always to be in the very depths of seediness, if not on the actual verge of starvation. Respectably dressed they must be, or the administration, not dotingly fond of them at any time, would promptly close its doors in their face. But, for the rest—!

My Sitzbad professor was, I think, about the most respectable of his class I ever met, and had moreover a character for honesty more or less unique. I used to give him a louis a day for his work, which consisted in recording, on a series of the kursaal cards, the various numbers cast during the day at the roulette, with their respective positions in the several divisions of the table. And as—there being at that time but very few players—there were played on the average about eighty-four coups per hour, from eleven A.M. to eleven P.M., each coup having to be classed under five out of twelve designations, I don't know that the pay was too high. I remember once playing a very simple "progression" every coup for between seven and eight hours, and I know my head "buzzed" at the end of it.

I used at first to wonder how M. Rateau, who was as ready as ever to accept small commissions in the gambling way from lady visitors, who were too shamefaced to sit boldly down and try their own luck, could possibly contrive to keep the thing up, and made from time to time little test experiments with the view of ascertaining whether the neat little columns of figures and stars might not perchance be, after all, the mere offspring of a too lively imagination. Sober people, who don't believe in any possible compensation for the normal one chance in thirty-seven against the player, will say that they would have served my turn just as well if they had been. And perhaps they would. Still, in that case it would hardly have been worth my while to pay a louis a day for them. As a matter of fact, however, I always found M. Rateau's figures perfectly correct. And as I only employed him about a fortnight, and cleared during that period a little over two hundred pounds on the information he supplied, I was very well contented with my bargain.

And presently the mystery was solved. It was a stormy afternoon in September. We had had some three weeks of almost tropical weather, without a cloud in the



sky, and for the last twenty-four hours the weight in the atmosphere had left no doubt but that a thunderstorm was approaching. And at about four that afternoon it had burst upon us. Now I have seen thunderstorms in most parts of the world, and under most circumstances, but for dramatic effect, I don't know that I ever came across anything better in its way than this "thunderstorm in a gambling-room." It grew darker and darker; so dark at last, that the great shaded lamps were sent for, and threw their strong downward glare upon the one occupied table. But the gasaliers remained unlighted, and all the rest of the huge apartment was left in gloom. At the farther end the idle trente-et-quarante table, draped in its holland covering, showed like a great bier. Round the roulette stood the usual little group; their faces barely visible during the intervals of darkness in the pale green light, which alone escaped through the silken side-screens of the lamp-shades, breaking out every now and then sharp and clear, but ghastlier than ever, as some brilliant flash would light up the whole room with its lurid blaze. Old hands, most of these, to whom the roulette was the one natural phenomenon worth studying, and thunderstorms and such like things scarcely to be observed. Now and then some rattling peal of thunder would be followed by a miniature, but not unsuccessful, echo in the muttered "Sac—r—r—é!" of some eager French player, unable to catch the last number given out, or the stolid Englishman at his elbow would frown for a moment as he audibly "d—d" the lightning, which dazzled his eyes so confoundedly as he pricked off his card. But the game was made, and the little ball went on its rounds, and the little tide of gold and silver pieces swept backwards and forwards just as regularly as before; and except for such minor inconveniences as those to which I have just referred, the little world of table habitués was probably quite as unconscious as ever of even the existence of any other world outside, stormy or otherwise.

There were a few exceptions though. Mrs. Babilton Daly was in a tremendous quandary. She had been playing, of course. You would be as much puzzled to find a day on which Mrs. Babilton Daly did not play, as an hour afterwards in the course of which she did not hold forth with sincere, if slightly tangled, eloquence

upon the sinfulness of playing, and her own unalterable resolution never, never, never to go near the table again. She had been rendering my life a greater burthen than usual that afternoon with her everlasting round of "Oh, Mr. —, do you think red will come up this time? There have been three blacks, you know, and I have lost a florin on every one. You think it may? Do you—really? Ah, but are you quite sure? Dear, dear, how foolish I am to play like this! But I must get it back, you know, and then I'll never, never play again." And she, who has, perhaps, a thousand or two a year, and not a soul but herself to spend it on, will draw another florin from her purse, put it hesitatingly on the rouge, then, instantly, pick it up again and throw it across towards the noir. Then before the irritable old gentleman opposite, among whose neatly-arranged little capital it has rolled, has had time to push it back to its proper place, she changes her mind—or whatever it is which serves her, somewhat indifferently, in the place of one—and has laid violent hands upon somebody else's rake, with which she sharply raps the irritable old gentleman's gouty knuckles in her frantic endeavours to get her endangered money back again before the irrevocable "Rien ne va plus" shall have pronounced its fate.

Mrs. Babilton Daly looks, of course, upon the thunderstorm as "sent" exclusively on her account. The very first flash of lightning startles the suspended coin from her hesitating fingers as promptly as though the irritable old gentleman, instead of gathering up his capital in a passion, and stamping out of the room to confide his woes to the commissaire de police, had returned with interest—as, for the moment, he seemed inclined to return—the rap she had bestowed upon him. The florin has fallen upon the wrong square, of course, and has followed its predecessors into the bank. But Mrs. Babilton has not ventured upon any attempt at its rescue. The stream of her eloquence indeed flows on as uninterruptedly as ever, but it is now directed towards the endeavour to persuade me that this is a "warning." "Oh Mr. —, it is indeed! Just see that awful flash. And there, you've lost another friedrich. Oh Mr. —, do pray come away. It is so wicked." And so da capo, till I am on the verge of desperation, and think seriously of flying, in my turn, to the commissaire, and giving my dear friend

Mrs. Babilton Daly in charge for inciting to a breach of the peace.

Nor is Mrs. Babilton the only one present on whom the storm has its effect, though happily the effect is not in their case of quite so demonstrative a character. That pretty English girl opposite has been teasing her good-natured-looking mamma for a quarter of an hour at least to let her put on just one little florin; but she has quite given up the wish now, and both she and mamma—the latter very grave, the former a little pale also—look with wonder, not altogether unmixed with awe, upon the hardened sinners who can pursue their wicked courses in such a scene. Old Mme. de Ste. Rouge, who for the last forty years has been wheeled every afternoon in her chair to the place reserved for her at one or other of the tables, is a little discomforted likewise. She does not pause or hesitate in her play, nor does her trembling old hand shake more than usual as she pushes her stake forward, or rakes her winnings in, dropping a gold piece or two here and there in unexpected places as she does so. But at every flash of lightning she crosses herself diligently.

What astonishes me most, however, is the effect of the storm upon my professor.

At this time I happen to have just reached a point in my game at which, by sacrificing some three hours' previous work, I can at all events retire without loss. So finding myself fairly muddled by dear Mrs. Babilton's eloquence, I fairly give the thing up, pocket my capital, and seizing the opportunity when Mrs. Babilton's attention has been distracted by an unusually vivid flash, slip unobserved from the table, and establish myself in a dark corner to watch my professor's movements.

There are three windows at the end of the great play-room at Sitzbad. The middle window of the three opens down to the floor and leads by a short flight of steps on to the terrace. The other two are of the ordinary type with cushioned window-seats, and in one of these the professor has for some little time taken his station, only approaching the table to glance for a moment at the cylinder when the employé's voice had failed to reach him. At other times he looks anxiously from the window, peering this way and that, drawing his head abruptly in at each flash, but the moment the thunder has ceased to roll thrusting it out again, and resuming his search through the darkness

more eagerly than before. There is a little packet in his hand, apparently the cards on which he has been marking the game for me, and as I watch he suddenly leans for a moment quite out of the window, and when he again draws in his head the packet is gone, and he walks back to the table evidently satisfied.

My curiosity is aroused, and snatching up my hat I slip quietly through the middle window and gain the terrace. As I do so, a brilliant flash shows me a slight little figure, with its scanty shawl drawn closely round it, scudding at top speed towards the kiosque in which, on fine afternoons, the band plays. The present afternoon is by no means fine, and the band is crashing away to an audience of three in the gorgeous empty ball-room. The rain is coming down in torrents, with a rushing roar which half drowns even the thunder, and effectually covers the sound of my footsteps as I follow the flying little figure, which another opportune flash shows me just clambering over the low iron gate into the comparative shelter of the kiosque. By the time I arrive she is squatted tailor-wise under the lea of a great double-bass case, diligently working away with the stump of a pencil at something in her left hand.

She springs to her feet with a little cry as the next flash throws my shadow across her work, and then I recognise, with amazement, the little girl whom I once found sharing a modest dinner of black bread and sausage with my professor among the bushes by the lake, and whom he had introduced as his daughter, Angélique.

"In the name of goodness, child, what are you doing there?"

It is some time before I can get a satisfactory reply. The child is clearly afraid lest her employment, whatever it may be, should not meet with my approval, and answers all my questions with: "Rien, monsieur," "Non, monsieur," "Mais, mon Dieu! monsieur," and so forth, hiding her hands the while behind her back with the simplicity of a little ostrich. At length, however, I manage to extract the truth, and then the mystery of the card-marking is solved.

Most people probably know something of the disposition of a roulette-table, but for those who do not I may just mention a few leading points. The game, then, as played at Sitzbad and other places, in any way under "Old Blong's" influence, con-

sists of thirty-six numbers and a zero. The zero stands by itself, and can only be played upon as a single number—that is to say, by betting point-blank upon him, either in conjunction with one or more of the first three numbers, or “*en plein*,” in the which latter case, should he turn up, you win as you would in similar circumstances on any other number, thirty-five times your stake, the chances against such an occurrence being of course thirty-six to one, which is the bank’s “pull.” With the dozens, columns, and simple chances, he has nothing to do, except, be it understood, the causing you to lose, or, at the best, preventing you from winning should he turn up while you are backing any of them. Of the other thirty-six numbers, half are allotted arbitrarily to the rouge, half to the noir; half are, of course, by nature, odd, and half even; and half, again, by an equal necessity, pass, while the other half fall short of, the division line between eighteen and nineteen. These three “chances simples,” rouge versus noir, pair versus impair, and passe versus manque, set each eighteen numbers against eighteen, and answer to the two only chances, rouge versus noir, and couleur versus envers, of the trente-et-quarante. Besides these, you can at the roulette back any one of the three “dozens” which make up thirty-six, or any one of the three “columns” in which the numbers are arranged, and which, each, of course, containing also dozen numbers, are known by the names of the figure, thirty-four, thirty-five, and thirty-six, which stands at their respective feet; or on any row or pair of rows of figures forming a “transversale” across the board, or such as three to six, seven to twelve, and so forth, or on any “carré” of four adjacent numbers, as seven, eight, ten, and eleven, or eight, nine, eleven, and twelve; or “à cheval,” on any two numbers adjoining one another, or finally, “*en plein*,” or any single number on the board.

My present requirements involved the allotting of each number to its proper place among the chances simples, the dozens, and the columns; and of course the pair and impair, passe and manque, and first middle and last dozens were simple work enough. But it was by no means so simple to remember on the instant which number was red and which black, or which number should stand in the column of the thirty-four, which in that of the thirty-five, and so forth. But my small

friend—about ten years old I suppose she was—had it all at her little fingers’-ends. There stood the row of figures hastily inscribed by her father, as they appeared down the edge of the card, and there was her little stump of a pencil assigning to each its proper series of designation, with a good deal more speed and certainty than I am at this moment writing the story of her proceedings. Nor was this all; every chance and combination of chances upon the board, every system I believe that had ever been essayed since roulette was, did that marvellous little elf understand, and converse of with all the readiness and aplomb of a veteran punter of fifty years.

We became great friends. The child amused me, and I soon found that what she had already heard from her father of my style of play had given me an interest in her eyes. I confided to her my various systems, of which she was graciously pleased to approve, as ingenious and original, but which she did not hesitate to stigmatise at the same time as deficient in daring, and altogether unworthy of a “*beau joueur, comme monsieur!*” She too, it appeared, had a martingale of her own invention—Ah! but a martingale! which she in her turn would confide to monsieur—un de ces jours. And then! Ah that poor papa! who starved himself that his little Angélique might eat, and who was so good and so patient and so—unlucky! It would be his turn then, that poor papa!

Our acquaintance was about a fortnight old, and she had only that morning informed me with great glee that she had already achieved more than two-thirds of the little capital she was pinching and sparing to accumulate for the trial of her grand coup, when that impetuous rentrée of the colonne trente-quatre took place, to which I have above referred, and which, continuing in the same remarkable fashion to the very close of the play, sent me home to supper with something over twenty friedrichs to the good.

I had made up my mind that any odd money there might be over the twenty should be Mlle. Angélique’s perquisite, and was pleased to find, on reducing my silver to gold, that there would be no less than twelve florins for that purpose. But Angélique’s burst of delight, when she counted over her present, and found its exact amount, was something startling.

“Ah! la bonne augure!” she cried,

clapping her little hands, and giving a positive screech of delight. "But see, then, monsieur," and she pulled a little canvas bag out of the bosom of her shabby frock, and shook out into my hand a double friedrich and two or three silver pieces. "See, then, twenty and five make twenty-five—and twelve—ah! but it is the number exact—thirty-seven. See you—thirty-seven!" and with another little screech of irrepressible delight, the small elf whipped the thirty-seven florins out of my hand again, and darted off to convey the blissful intelligence to papa.

The requisite capital thus achieved, Angélique's martingale must, of course, be essayed at once. It was quite useless to point out, that if it should not succeed, she would again be left without a penny; indeed, I left all argument of that kind to my wife, looking upon it, as it proved, as a simple waste of time and breath. The only question really for discussion was by whom the martingale should be played. Papa was, of course, the natural person. But papa has not the happy hand. He never wins, that poor papa, not even when he is playing with other people's money. A pleasant admission, I thought, en passant, for those "other people," by the playing with whose money that poor papa habitually got his precarious living!

And besides, she should really be herself present at the great occasion. True, she is strictly forbidden to enter the play-room. But—would it perhaps be possible—the chef de parti is "at the best" with monsieur—if madame, who is so good and so gentle, would only— And so it is finally settled. Angélique slips quietly in under Mary's wing. The chef de parti opposes himself at first, as in duty bound, only yielding finally, for this occasion only, on the express condition that mademoiselle shall not attempt to play; and there she is, in the coveted position at last.

And mademoiselle does not play, only stands quietly at my elbow, intently watchful of the game, pricking on her card, in some strange fashion of her own, the various chances as they turn up. Mary has long since departed, and I have forgotten Angélique's presence for a good half-hour at least, when a warm florin is slipped suddenly into my left hand, and a small voice whispers in my ear:

"Monsieur! les six derniers, s'il vous plaît!"

I put the florin upon the transversale thirty-one to thirty-six, from whence, on

the appearance of a twenty-two, it is duly raked by the presiding employé, and there is silence again for twenty minutes or so. Then another piece of money, rather larger, and if anything rather warmer, finds its way to my palm, and the small voice whispers again:

"Le carré, monsieur — trente-et-un, trente-cinq, s'il vous plaît."

I place the double florin, which duly follows its single predecessor; and the next demand, after another interval of a quarter of an hour or so, is that two double florins shall be sacrificed on the altar of the transversale of three numbers from thirty-one to thirty-three.

This is followed by a longer pause. Either the child is frightened by her three consecutive losses, and hesitates, or else the combination for which she is waiting has not yet arisen. Ninety-nine people in the hundred would surmise the former. I, who know Angélique better, and know that if ever beau joueur—or rather, I suppose, belle joueuse—was born, it is that small slight child at my side, think otherwise. And I am right. Presently the looked-for combination does arise, and without a moment's hesitation, a much smaller piece than before is slipped into my hand, and the small voice repeats as steadily as ever.

"A cheval, monsieur, s'il vous plaît. Trente-et-un, trente-deux—non, pardon, trente-et-un, trente-quatre."

This time it is a golden friedrich which is raked into the bank, and I am beginning to wish I had not indulged my small friend in her costly whim. However, I console myself with the reflection, first, that if I had refused her she would certainly have carried her point some other way; secondly, that it would probably be a very good lesson; and finally, that after all, if the worst came to the worst, it wouldn't ruin me to make the loss up to her. As for Angélique, she was "game" to the backbone, and moved not so much as an eyelash.

Meanwhile my own game had proved for that night a short one, coming finally to a close with a net loss of seven florins. I was just beginning to clear up my things for departure, when for the fifth time a piece of money was slipped into my hand, and Angélique's voice, steady as ever, whispered firmly:

"Le trente-et-un, monsieur. En plein."

I was busy with my own money, and shoved the piece forward, without for the moment even looking at it. When I did



so, and saw that it was an actual double friedrich—her last coin—that the child was risking on the almost hopeless chance of a single number, I instinctively seized a rake to pull it off again. But it was too late. Before I could even raise the rake, the fatal "*Rien ne va plus*" was pronounced, and I had nothing to do but let matters take their chance and wait the result.

And as luck would have it there was longer to wait than usual. By one of those coincidences which will sometimes happen, the two forces which urged the ball respectively to and from the centre of the cylinder seemed exactly balanced, and for half a minute at least it passed round and round upon the edge, just wavering slowly from cell to cell, as though unable to make up its mind which to occupy. What poor little Angélique's feelings must have been I cannot say. I myself, who had no personal interest in the matter, could hardly help holding my breath. But, except for the compression of the lips, the stoical little face gave no sign. Only I could hear a quick little "Thump, thump, thump," which for the moment I scarcely noticed, but which I knew afterwards to have been the beating of the child's brave little heart.

And then, at last, with a hop and a rattle, the ball made up its mind, and then came the monotonous announcement, followed in the usual sing-song tone:

"*Trent-et-un! Noir, impair et passe.*"

And a fat little green rouleau came rolling down the table, followed by a little heap of glittering friedrichs, and Angélique had turned her thirty-seven poor little German florins into the equivalent of something like sixty solid British pounds.

Whereupon, without waiting so much as to take over the golden spoil which I had collected as her representative and trustee, the child gave just one tiny sob and fainted quietly away. There was a slight disturbance, of course. She was so absolutely gone that we thought at first she was dead, and the good-natured old chef was in a terrible taking at the results of his weakness. She came round, however, in a little while, and was duly assisted home, with the little bag of friedrichs safely stowed away in the bosom of her shabby frock, and the fat little green rouleau clasped tightly in her hand. The old chef *de parti* looked after her as she went, and shaking his benevolent head, vowed solemnly that never should

she be allowed to set foot in *salle-de-jeu* again.

I hope he has been able to keep his word.

### CURIOUS MODES OF TAKING OATHS.

THE peculiarities attending the solemnity of oath-taking in various countries, and among different sects, or parties, present some curious features, not only in connection with the terms of the adjuration, but the actions employed to render them more forcible or impressive. In the Holy Scriptures we find it was usual for the oath-taker to place his hand under the thigh, or to raise it towards heaven. Among other forms of adjuration the Hebrews and Egyptians swore by the head, or the life, of an absent as well as a present prince. Hanway says that among the most sacred oaths of the Persians was, by "the King's head." The oath-taker swore sometimes by his own head, or some precious part of his body, as the eyes, &c. In the case of the later Jews, the earth, the heavens, and the sun, as well as angels were adjured, as also the temple, Jerusalem, &c.; the phylactery was sometimes touched on taking an oath. Selden says the Jews were accustomed to swear, laying the hand on the Book of the Law; and from this may have arisen the practice of swearing on the Gospels, prevalent at an early period throughout Christendom.

The Greeks had a special reverence for oaths; those who observed them truly were designated "pious." The adjurations were multifarious, and were commonly by the god to whom the business in which men were engaged, or the place in which they were, belonged. Thus, in the market, Mercury was invoked; Ceres by ploughmen, &c.; a particular oath of the Ionians was by colewort, dogs, geese, and plane-trees; sometimes they swore by the ground on which they stood. The fisherman swore by his nets; a soldier by his spear; kings and princes usually adjured by their sceptre. The manner of swearing was by lifting up the hands to heaven, or placing them on the altar. The Arcadians swore by the waters of Styx; Hesiod mentions that the great oath of the gods was "by the Stygian lake." Some Greek oath-takers held their garments and pointed a sword towards the throat, invoking heaven, earth, or the Furies. The ancient Roman swore by his faith or honour; Livy tells us that the sanctity of an oath had more

influence than the fear of laws and punishment.

The Orientals and ancient Persians swore by the sun, while the Scythians adjured the air, and a more tangible object, the scimitar. The early Anglo-Saxons, like the Celts and Northern nations, laid their hands on some pillar of stone. Before the introduction of Christianity, Freia, the wife of Woden, was a frequent attestator of oaths. Among the Frisii, or Frieslanders, a most solemn appeal was to take up a lock of hair with the left hand, and to lay two fingers of the right upon it. The Franks were accustomed to swear holding straws in their hands. The ancient Byzantines swore by their own copper coins; this was an old German custom before the introduction of Christianity. Our readers will remember the scene depicted in the Bayeux Tapestry, of Harold taking the oath to William Duke of Normandy. The authority on which the circumstance chiefly rests is that of the "Roman de Rou" of Robert Wace, written about fifty years after the Conquest:

The Duke led him towards the chest,  
And made him stay by the chest;  
From the chest he took the pall  
Which had concealed all.  
To Harold he then showed  
On what relics he had sworn;  
Harold was sadly alarmed  
At the relics he showed him.

The same writer relates that at the siege of Alençon, William was roused to fury by seeing the people spreading skins, and crying "Hides, hides for the tanner!" an insult aimed at his mother. According to the poet he

Jura par la resplendor Dé  
Coert suvent sun serement

that the men who mocked should be lopped limb from limb, like branches from a tree. He kept his fearful oath.

Richard the First, on taking his coronation oath in 1189, laid his hand upon the Holy Evangelists and the relics of certain saints. The oath administered to the mayor, aldermen and sheriffs, &c., of London in this reign, ended with "So God you help and the saints." In the ninth charter of London, granted by Henry the Third, it is recorded that the citizens shall not be allowed to swear upon the graves of the dead, a practice which had been attended with gross abuses.

In the Canterbury Tales are a variety of singular oaths. The prioress swears "by St. Eloy;" and we have "by nails and by

blood;" "by the good rood;" "by St. Paul's bell," and many others still more profane. The "vow of the peacock" originated from a custom in the Middle Ages of serving up a peacock at table, on which the knights swore to perform deeds of prowess. Gibbon relates that at a feast given by Philip Duke of Burgundy, at Lille, soon after the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, a herald advanced bearing on his fist a live pheasant, which, according to the rites of chivalry, he presented to the duke. At this extraordinary summons he took an oath to engage in the holy war against the Turks. His example was imitated by the knights, who swore by God, the Virgin, the ladies, and the pheasant.

Ashmole observes that the vow of the peacock was one of the most solemn taken by knights.

Our early kings had oaths peculiar to themselves, such as that used by the Conqueror, "by the brightness of God;" William Rufus, "by the face of Lucca," not by St. Luke's face, as erroneously stated in the old chronicles, but from an image of the Saviour in a crucifix at Lucca, which was considered to work miracles. Henry the Eighth and Queen Elizabeth used oaths of a very forcible character. The French monarchs had also the same peculiarity, such as that of Francis the First, "foi de gentilhomme;" and of Henry the Fourth, "ventre St. Gris." The Chevalier Bayard had also his "Feste Dieu Bayard;" Trimouille, "la vraye corps de Dieu;" the Constable de Bourbon, "Saint Barbe," &c.

Mahomet the Second, in 1463, gave a charter to the Bosnian Franciscans, the Atname. The Sultan in this firman says: "And I swear by the great God, the creator of heaven and earth; by the seven books; by the great prophets; by the one hundred and twenty-four thousand prophets; and by the sabre which I wear, that no one shall act counter to these commands, so long as these monks do my bidding, and are obedient to my service."

Churches, as well as saints, were invoked in olden times; Robert of Gloucester says: "Greater oath none is

Than by the old church of Glastonbury whose deep  
oath name,  
For there was church four hundred year e'er St.  
Austin hither came.

This practice was not confined to England, but occurred abroad; the oath was by one, two, seven, or twelve churches. The

deponent went to the appointed number of churches, and at each, taking the ring of the church door in his hand, repeated the oath.

Several oaths of the Middle Ages were borrowed from the pagans, as idols upon arms, the usual mode of adjuration among Northern nations; upon the scabbard of the sword; confirmation of the oath by joining hands; by taking hold of the hem of the garment; swearing by the feet of the abbot and monks; upon bracelets, and others. Concerning the bracelet oath, Sir Henry Ellis has observed that Arngrim Jonas, in his work on Iceland, describes a bracelet of twenty ounces weight, which was kept upon the altar, and, being sprinkled with the blood of victims, was touched by those who took any solemn oaths. He says it was either of silver, or of silver and brass mixed. He adds, in another page, that for this purpose it was worn on the judge's arm during trial. Sir Henry Ellis was reminded by this "of a very remarkable passage in the Saxon Chronicles, made under the year 876, where, when the Danes made peace with the English Alfred, at Wareham, in Wessex, they gave him the noblest among them as hostages, and swore an oath to him on the holy bracelet."

Of swearing on the sword, we have an interesting instance in the life of the great Gustavus Vasa, of Sweden. In 1540 he assembled the States, in which it was decided that the monarchy should be hereditary; whereupon the king drew his sword, and extended it before him, saying: "In the name of the Holy Trinity, and by the power of Almighty God, who hath bestowed on us our children, and hath caused them to be the heirs of the Swedish empire, we stretch over you the sword of justice, as a testimony from us and our heirs; to you and all our subjects, faithfully to guide, guard, and rule you, and for confirmation, stand forth each one of you, and touching the sword with your corporeal fingers, thus repeat the oath of truth and fidelity, that to us and our heirs you have freely offered." Hearing this, the States approached—senators, nobles, citizens, peasants, all laid their hands on the royal sword, and each took the oath of allegiance and fidelity.

Swearing on the cross was practised by the Russians from early times; thus, in 1557, on the conclusion of a treaty of peace with Sweden, Ivan ratified it by

kissing the cross before the eyes of the ambassadors, a ceremony that was repeated by his representative at Stockholm, in the presence of the Swedish monarch.

In the reform of the statutes of the Order of the Garter by Henry the Eighth, the knights were enjoined to make a general oath upon the Holy Gospels, to obey the statutes "without fraud or delusion," touching the book and kissing the cross.

Selden mentions an oath taken by the Spaniards, which is very curious: "If I first designedly fail of this oath on that day, ye Powers above torment me my body in this life, and my soul in the next with horrid tortures. Make my strength and my words fail. In battle, let my horse, and arms, and spurs, and subjects fail me, when need is sorest." This oath was confirmed by the parties sharing between them the consecrated wafer.

The "oath by the bosom," formerly observed in Germany, had a curious and interesting origin. Women and boys were generally accustomed to carry on their bosom, suspended from the neck, a small copy of the Gospel; so the hand, when laid upon the breast, was, in reality, laid upon the Gospel. Chrysostom mentions a similar custom as prevailing in his time.

A multiplicity of curious oaths may be found in the old dramatists. Shakespeare has the common oath of the time in Hamlet:

By cock, they are to blame.

In *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, we have:

By cock and pie, you shall not choose, sir.

Some singular oaths occur in the writings of Ben Jonson. Cob, in *Every Man in his Humour*, swears: "By the foot of Pharaoh, there's an oath! How many water-bearers shall you hear swear such an oath? O, I have a guest; he teaches me; he does swear the legiblest of any man christened: By St. George, the foot of Pharaoh, the body of men, as I am a gentleman and a soldier; such dainty oaths!" Brainworm, in the same play, swears "by the place and honour of a soldier." Bobadil, among other oaths, swears "by the body o' Cæsar."

A curious custom observed on taking an oath in the Mine Court of the Forest of Dean, dating apparently from the thirteenth century, and continued until the middle of the eighteenth, is thus related: "The witnesses in giving evidence wore their caps, to show that they were free miners, and took the usual oath, touching the Book

of the Four Gospels with a stick of holly, so as not to soil the sacred volume with their miry hands."

Bread and salt appear to have been used in former times as the form of an oath or asseveration; thus Decker (1635) says:

"He took bread and salt by this light that he would never open his lips." Sir Walter Scott, in *Guy Mannering*, makes Meg Merrilies tell Dominie Sampson that "if he would not eat together bread and salt she would stuff the food down his throat." In a note by the author it is added, that this was the customary oath of the wandering tribes.

Swearing "by the beard" was a common custom. One of the "fools" in *Shakespeare* suggests that if a certain knight swore by his honour, and his mistress by her beard, neither of them could be forsworn.

A Hindoo saying is: "Let a judge swear a Brahmin by his veracity; a soldier by his horses, his elephants, or his arms; an agriculturist by his cows, his grain, or his money; and a Soudra by all his crimes." In some respects these are similar to the ancient Romans.

The Chinese have a curious mode of oath-taking. Some years ago two Chinese sailors were examined at the Thames police-court on the charge of assaulting one of their countrymen. The complainant was examined according to the practice of his country. A Chinese saucer was given to him, and another to the interpreter, and they both advanced to the window, directing their eyes to heaven, and repeating in their own tongue the following words: "In the face of God I break this saucer; if it comes together again, Chinaman has told a lie, and expects not to live five days; if it remain asunder, Chinaman has told the truth, and escapes the vengeance of the Almighty." They then smashed the saucer in pieces on the floor, and returned to their places to be examined.

In the *Koran* are some curious forms of oath. The Mohammedans do not employ adjurations in their judicial proceedings, but regard deliberate perjury, even when extra-judicially committed, as incurring God's vengeance. The sacred oath in Persia is "by the holy grave," that is, the tomb of Shah Besa 'de, who is buried in Cashmeer. Jews are sworn on the Pentateuch, keeping on their hats; and the oath ends with the words, "So help you Jehovah." In England and Ireland, a witness after hearing the oath repeated

by the officers of the court, kisses the four Gospels. In Scotland the witness holds up his right hand and takes the oath, but without kissing any book. Quakers, in all civil cases, are allowed to give their evidence on affirmation; as are also Moravians and Separatists.

The elastic character of an oath is given by Leonard Lessius, who affirms "that equivocation, and mental restriction may be used." This reminds us of *Hudibras*:

Whether it be direct infringing  
An oath, if I shou'd wave this swinging,  
And what I've sworn to bear, forbear,  
And so b'equivocation swear;  
Or whether it be a lesser sin  
To be forsworn, than act the thing,  
Are deep and subtle points, which must  
T'inform my conscience, be discuss.

Oaths are but words, and words but wind,  
Too feeble implements to bind.

## ALL OR NOTHING.

BY MRS. CASHEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," "GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE,"  
&c. &c.

### CHAPTER XXII. AT THE CHANTRY.

"I HAVE been thinking," said Janet Monroe to Amabel Ainslie, on the third day of Janet's visit to The Chantry, "that I am now, for the first time in my life, in a real home. I never before lived in a house where the family was complete, father, mother, and child. My sister-in-law has no child, there are no children at the vicarage, there never was a child at Bevis—and with those three my experience ends. All the rest was school-life."

"And I am afraid we are not just a model of the family," said Amabel, from her accustomed station on the hearthrug, where she sat looking upwards at Janet, and making a pretty picture in the fire-light. "I don't hit it off somehow, quite to perfection, with anyone except yourself; and that is because you have the patience of a saint, and that delightful way of knowing just what one means, and never taking one up wrongly."

"I think," said Janet, smiling gravely, "it is rather because you have formed an extravagant idea of my perfections. You are one of those who enthrone a king in their hearts, and then declare the king can do no wrong."

One of Amabel's inconvenient blushes came all over her face at these words, but Janet did not see it.

"Only," she went on, "it is a queen



you have set up, this time, and she feels anything but up to the mark of such eminence."

"Now don't, Janet, don't!" said Amabel eagerly, "for goodness' sake, don't tell me I must not be enthusiastic. Why shouldn't one? Lest one should be disappointed, the wise people say; but they seem to me like the old woman, who would never cross the water because somebody belonging to her had been drowned. You could never disappoint me, I am sure, except by leaving off liking me the little bit you do like me—I am quite content with it, mind—and you won't do that, because I have never pretended anything to you. You know me just as I am, I don't try to make myself out wiser, discreeter, better; and you know you have taken me as a friend, for better for worse, haven't you?"

"I have indeed."

"Well then, do let me be enthusiastic. You do me so much good, Janet; you make me wonder how it is I am so much better off than far better people, and think of that horrid hymn I had to learn when I was a child, with its smug remark—

For I am fed, while others starve,  
Or beg from door to door.

Why should I have home and parents, and such good ones too, though papa is tiresome sometimes, and I can't manage mamma? And why should you have neither home nor parents? Why are some people like the loose stones that roll upon a frozen pond, liable to be kicked aside into a hole at any moment, and other people so firmly rooted in prosperous circumstances, that it seems nothing but a shaking of the earth itself could harm them?"

"Ah, why? Which of us can answer, or even guess that? I think the mysteries that are deepest, the problems that are hardest to solve, are those that hem us in on every side in all our daily life. One need not go far afield for wonders. But you were speaking of the difference between yourself and me; it is wide indeed. Outside accidental ties, there is only one human being in the world who is of kin to me, and she is not likely to live long. If my sister-in-law were gone, there would be no one in the world whose 'business' it would be, no matter what should happen to me. It is a dismal feeling, but it makes one all the more thankful for friends, and especially," added Janet, with a softening of her tone, and a smile

towards the tearful eyes of Amabel, "for a friend like you, so whole-hearted, and so partial. One wants partiality, indulgence, all the weak and merciful virtues in one's friends, when one is so lonely as I am. I had them"—Janet's voice sank, and her fingers were pressed together—"I had them all, from the friend who is gone. She was all that I ever knew of love and indulgence to me. A mother's may be greater; I don't know; if so, they must be vast indeed."

Amabel was privately of opinion that there are mothers and mothers, and that this was one of the points on which Janet's peculiar thoroughness carried her a little too far, but she would not have said so on any account.

"One of the feelings that you cannot even imagine," continued Janet, "is the kind of fright—the sudden fear like the start one sometimes wakes with in the dark—that comes to me at times, when I remember that after Janet is gone, there will be absolutely no one. I shall feel it less as I grow older, but I shall always feel it."

"And this Janet—Mrs. Monroe, is she not?—is she very nice?"

"She is remarkably like me, in face, and I believe in character also; and therefore I know you would think her nice. She is a one-idea'd woman, and her one idea was, and is, my brother. Her husband, living, was the sole object of her existence, and he is the same dead. She has never recovered in any way from the shock of his death; and, indeed, how should she? nothing can alter the fact, or her relation to it. She began to die from the day she knew that his ship was lost, and she has not much of the journey to accomplish now."

"How strange it is," said Amabel, "how people differ in the way things affect them. Could you suffer so much, or so long, do you think? I mean, if you wished to do so, if you would not for the world lose the sense of desolation, could you hold to it in that way?"

"I cannot tell; I have not known such a grief, and one must know to answer."

"A one-idea'd woman," said Amabel, musingly; "not necessarily a bore, for all that—only held at anchor by it, and safe, while he lived. Safe now according to what you say. Janet, where is she? Why are you not with her?"

"She is in France, somewhere in the south; I shall hear when she is settled. The doctors sent her away from Scotland,

and I should perhaps have gone with her but for Mrs. Drummond's request. Not that Janet wants me; she wants nobody, though she is very kind to me. But Mrs. Drummond especially desired me to do as I have done."

"How very kind of her—to us! not that she was thinking of that. Is Mrs. Monroe as beautiful as you are?"

Janet laughed, with unaffected merriment, at Amabel's question; it was put in such perfect good faith; and for answer, slipped a small gold-locket containing a coloured photograph off her watch-chain, and placed it in Amabel's hands. The portrait singularly resembled Janet; but for the colour of the hair, which was quite fair, it might have passed for a likeness of her.

"That was done the day before her wedding," said Janet, "when she was full of life and spirits; she is sadly altered now, she tells me."

"Is she quite alone?" asked Amabel, as she replaced the locket on Janet's chain.

"Quite. She prefers to be."

"Dreadful!" said Amabel, with very serious earnestness. "I hope I may never care so much for any human being as to be so utterly smashed as all that. Love can be enough, without being all, in that way."

"Do you think so, Amabel? Oh, I think not. Love cannot be enough unless it be everything. It must be all or nothing. It has not been given to us poor creatures in its truth to come short of that. I am sure it has not. The one motive, the one joy, the one assurance that life is worth living, the one ray that falls direct from heaven—when withdrawn, when quenched, can it be possible that any solicitude, or energy, or care for existence could remain?"

"I don't know," said Amabel frankly. "One sees people get on so well with one another, and then one sees them get on so well without one another, that it rather puzzles me—I mean people who began by being in love, you know."

"Ah! I have never seen that. I have known but two households, and in each love was enough, because it was all, and stronger far than death."

"Janet"—Amabel hesitated, and her face grew wistful—"if—if you were in love with anybody, I think—I am afraid you would be like your sister-in-law—I am afraid you would set all your heart and soul and life upon—him—and—oh my dear Janet, how unhappy you would be!"

"Or, how happy!" Her face was lighted as she spoke, with the lustre, and tinged with the beautiful colour which had come to it with Julia's whisper, and she spoke rather to herself than to her companion. Then there was silence for a little while, until Amabel broke it, by an abrupt question:

"Do you think men ever look at love in that serious light?"

"Ever! Why not? Is it not to them as it is to us, the ruler of their destinies? Why should rather be any difference in their way of thinking and ours?"

Amabel could not have told Janet "why" there should be any difference, but she had an intimate conviction that there was. Her experience was not extensive, and had been rather in observation of general flirtation than in that of the real passion or sentiment of love; but she caught Janet's meaning, and felt an uncomfortable conviction that the facts were against it.

"You see," she said hesitatingly, "they live such different lives, and they have such different notions. Of course I don't know, no girl ever can, for our very brothers, if we had any, would be utter mysteries to us; it's all guess work; but I think men would rather we should not think of their promises and vows so seriously, that we should take things more lightly, I mean, and just get for ourselves, and let them get, as much ease and comfort and amusement out of life as possible."

She paused, and burst into irrepressible laughter. There was in Janet's face astonishment so profound and unalloyed that it irresistibly amused Amabel.

"Pray forgive me!" she said, "I could not help it; I never saw anything so funny as you looked. If you had been Alnaschar, and I had just come up behind you, 'unknownst,' like a gamin de Bagdad, and kicked over your basket of glass for you, you might have looked just like that. Don't mind me, believe your own doctrines, don't be converted to me, I'm as ignorant as Topsy, and I'm going to sing Robin Adair for you. There's plenty of grand sérieux in that."

She jumped up, went to the piano, and sang the fine and simple song, with all the sweetness and expression which formed the charm of her singing. She felt strangely sorry for Janet, without ever putting her feeling into form in her thoughts; and this time it did not come from the dash of superstition that was in her. Janet remained by the fireside; her head drooping a little,

her hands loosely folded on her lap. The firelight touched the lines of her black dress with light here and there, and the flickering flame threw her face into alternate light and shadow. The first effect on her of Amabel's words faded before her own thoughts; there came to her with the pathetic tenderness and honest trustfulness breathed in music by the singer, a dear though timid hope. Even as her idea was, no less lofty, no more selfish, should the real love be to her, if indeed love was coming to illuminate her life. With all the depth and intensity of her nature, she would have loved the man to whom her heart was given, all her life long, though she were never to be blessed with his love, and would never murmur at her lot. But if it were indeed true that he had loved her from the first, and she was soon to know that it was so, what inner depths of devotion, of gratitude, of worship were not in that heart for him! Proud, simple, ignorant, and idealistic, Janet had great humility of spirit also, believing unfeignedly that of the vast, royal, free-gift of true love, she was little worthy. She had made no "conquests," the very alphabet of flirtation was a sealed mystery to her; not the least flutter or self-conscious embarrassment of any kind had ever troubled her in the presence of any man. The one feeling which she cherished was too deep and solemn for those minor manifestations; the flash of gratified vanity had never lighted up those limpid eyes which answered the glance of man or woman with precisely the same serene and modest look. To men whom no woman charms unless she have the art of coquetry, Janet was not charming, for she could not have learned, with any amount of pains, those simplest lessons in the art which many a girl-child finds as easy as breathing. She had a natural taste for the becoming, and a fine sense of order, but she had never in her life studied an effect in her dress, or bestowed a thought upon her face from any wish to attract admiration. The simplicity and purity of heart with which she had been endowed by nature, the circumstances of her life had helped to preserve intact.

If, indeed, he had loved her from the first, with what hushed wonder, with what unbounded gratitude would she recognise the blessedness of her fate, and the infinite goodness of heaven. Steady memory, faithful affection, and abiding mourning were in her heart also, for the constancy

of Janet's nature was as full and complete as were her other qualities and defects. But the world was beautiful to her, and life was very dear; a little longer and it might be infinitely, awfully precious. In that idle hour, as she sat in the firelight, the dim November twilight sinking into the dark November night, and listened to Amabel's singing, everything seemed beautiful to her, and all the purposes of Providence to be setting fair for her, in a wonderful and undreamed-of way.

At length Amabel ceased singing, and announcing that it was time to dress, she took Janet by the arm, and they left the room together. Amabel entered Janet's room with her, poked the fire up, looked in the glass, seemed to be on the point of taking herself off, but at last said impetuously:

"I want you to promise me something, Janet. Will you?"

"What is it?"

"That you will never, never, never, so long as you live, lose sight of me so long as I live, or part with me—in heart, I mean, one cannot answer for place in this world. I want you to feel that never, never, never can you be quite alone again, or can I lose you, by one of those life-losses, which I have always thought must be the hardest. Will you promise me, Janet? I don't care in the least whether it's silly or not—I want your promise."

Janet gave it; and Amabel left her.

"I wonder what put that into my head," said Amabel to herself gravely, as she again contemplated that pretty head in the glass—her own this time; "something did. I could not help it; I am always having odd feelings about her, as if she were going to vanish, or coming to grief."

Janet's visit to The Chantry had proved, so far, a decided success. Mr. Ainslie had liked her from the first; she was the only young woman he had seen in England who took a real interest in India, and genuinely wanted to know all about the native princes and peoples and the ancient civilisation on which Western insolence looks down; and he enjoyed the fuller opportunity of talking India which her sojourn in his own house afforded. Mrs. Ainslie knew in five minutes after her arrival that Miss Monroe understood nerves, and was accustomed to consider the ways of an invalid with patience and sympathy. There was something in her presence which soothed the fretful and indolent woman.

"She's like double windows and noiselessly swinging-doors; she's like perfect ventilation; perpetual oil to consequently never creaking hinges; she's like glasses that don't tire the eyes; she's grateful and comforting, like the thing that people take at breakfast; in short, she's like every alleviation of life in the sick-room and out of it, and there's nobody like her." Such was Amabel's report to Mrs. Cathcart, and the elder lady, while smiling at the younger one's odd way of expressing her meaning, smiled too with pleasure at the fulfilment of her own anticipations.

Amabel had left Janet with Mrs. Ainslie, and gone to the vicarage alone. The two gentlemen from Bevis were to dine at The Chantry on the following day, and Amabel wanted some music.

The day was fine, one of those soft December days which are so dismal in town, but often beautiful in the country. Janet had read Mrs. Ainslie into a comfortable sleep, and was walking in the shrubbery, enjoying her solitude, when a step upon the gravel warned her that it was about to be invaded. A bend in the walk and a great bush of laurestinus hid the intruder from her for a minute; the next she saw Sir Wilfrid Esdaile; and something that had been in her thoughts flushed her cheek as he came up, and explained that Mr. Ainslie had told him he should find her in the shrubbery.

Sir Wilfrid was looking well, but his recent illness had changed him a good deal. The floridness of his complexion, the frank, untroubled, rather careless expression, which were the chief characteristics of his face, had given place to a more interesting if less robust colouring, and to a look of more thought. Something of agitation in his manner and voice as he addressed her, struck Janet as strange, and she looked at him enquiringly. Nothing could be more profound than her unconsciousness that she was ever so remotely connected with that agitation.

"Has anything happened?" she asked, as she stood still when he had accosted her, and let her hand rest in his, unconsciously; "have you come to tell me anything?"

"No, no, there is nothing wrong. May I walk with you?"

She assented, drew her hand away, and moved on.

"I thought," she said, "you looked as

if something were the matter; and as Miss Ainslie is out, in the pony-carriage, and I have not unlimited confidence in Jack and Jill, I fancied she might have got into trouble."

"No, there is no one in trouble." He took his hat off, passed his hand across his forehead, glanced at her calm and lovely face, at the sweet restored smile, which had faded in momentary apprehension, and said: "That is to say, no one is in trouble except myself. Miss Monroe, do you know that this is the very first time I have ever been alone with you?"

"Is it, Sir Wilfrid? I did not know. Are you sure?"

"I am. It is the very first time; and how I have longed for this opportunity! I could not ask for it here, and it never came at Bury House; though I think Miss Carmichael would have got me a chance if she could."

He was speaking hurriedly, vehemently, and a dim apprehension began to steal over her. At this mention of Julia, a strange sensation, as if she were passing through icy cold air, took possession of her. Julia's whisper! What had it meant? Surely not this, not what she felt. What a dreadful pang of fear and misery was coming! Not this, that she had never thought of, never dreamed of, until half a minute ago, that she would not, could not believe now!

He saw her cheek turn burning red; he felt her quicken her pace, and he laid his hand on her arm, gently but firmly, and stopped her.

"Miss Monroe," he said, getting out the words with difficulty, "will you not do for me what you did for Katinka? Will you not put me out of pain?"

On Monday, the 2nd of December, will be published,

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BY

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# ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,

Supported solely by Voluntary Contributions.



## LIFE-BOAT SERVICES.

**FLEETWOOD.**—On the night of the 18th Sept., 1878, the barque *Charles Challoner*, of Fleetwood, bound for that port from Quebec, with timber, was endeavouring to make the harbour in tow of a steam-tug; but the steamer was not sufficiently powerful, as the wind was blowing a gale from W.N.W. at the time, and about midnight the barque was driven on to Bernard Wharf, a sand-bank about a mile eastward of the Wyre Light. Her crew of 19 men leaped on board the tug, but a boy still remained on the vessel, he being unable to escape in that way. As the steamer dared not approach any nearer the stranded ship, signals of distress were shown, in response to which the Life-boat *Edward Wasey* put off, went alongside the vessel, and succeeded in rescuing the boy.

**THURSO, N.B.**—On the 16th Sept., a very severe W. gale was experienced here. About nineteen sailing vessels and two steamers were lying in Scrabster Roadstead at the time. Some of them had anchored far out beyond the proper anchorage-ground, and in the afternoon were riding very heavily, and apparently dragging their anchors. The *Charley Lloyd* Life-boat put off to their assistance, and brought ashore the crews, consisting of 10 men, from the brigantine *St. Helen*, of Carnarvon, smack *Maggie*, of Sunderland, and smack *Ann*, of Berwick. The Life-boat was then kept afloat in Scrabster Harbour, and her crew remained in attendance in case their services should be again required. Later in the afternoon some of the other vessels showed signals of distress, and the Life-boat proceeded to their assistance, and brought ashore 81 persons from the schooners *Eva*, of Runcorn; *Unionist*, of Berwick; *Jane Shearer*, of Thurso; *Ann*, of Runcorn; *Lark*, of Aberdeen, *Phenician*, of Corrin; and *Caroline Marton*, of Dumfries. The Life-boat finally landed at about 8.30 P.M., having been out five times during the day.

**ARKLOW, IRELAND.**—The coxswain of the *Out Pensioner* Life-boat, of the NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION, stationed at Arklow, makes the following report of the circumstances attending the wreck of the barque *Broughton*, of Swansea, on the Irish coast, and the rescue of her crew by that Life-boat:—"24th April, 1878, at 5 P.M., it was reported by Arklow coastguards that a vessel was on the Arklow Bank. The Life-boat was launched, and taken through a very heavy sea over the bar, the wind being E.N.E., and the tide being ebb. She then proceeded to Mizzen Head, where she was anchored about midnight. At about 1.30 A.M. got sail on the boat and proceeded to the Arklow

Bank, where, at daybreak, the vessel was seen about two miles to leeward. The Life-boat went outside the Bank to the barque, and anchored under her port quarter, when a sea filled the boat. The vessel's crew then veered out a cork fender, but the line broke; a second fender was then veered out, to which a hawser was attached, but the Life-boat filled a second time, when she attempted to get close to the vessel, and shipped a sea fore and aft, washing the coxswain overboard. He was not missed for a time, but happily, though with some difficulty, he was eventually rescued. The boat was afterwards again overwhelmed by the heavy seas, and the crew, believing it to be impossible for them to reach the vessel then, from the state of the sea and the long exposure they had undergone, it was considered best to return ashore and get a fresh crew. The boat reached Arklow at about 9.30 A.M., when a fresh crew immediately manned her, and proceeded under a double-reefed foresail to Arklow Bank on the first of the flood tide, the wind still blowing very hard from the E.N.E. The boat was again filled twice in attempting to cross the bank. Her head was then turned to the shore, five tacks were made, and eventually she was got through the Mizzen Swash, then ran before the wind to the barque, and let go her anchor under the vessel's quarter. The boat was filled twice, her crew being drenched, but they succeeded in getting a grapnel astern and a line from the ship, and in this manner were enabled to take on board the vessel's crew, consisting of 15 men, and safely landed them at Arklow at 6.15 P.M.—RICHARD WADDEN, Coxswain of the Life-boat."

**DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN.**—On the 16th Sept., at 1 P.M., a vessel was observed about eight miles off Douglas Head showing signals of distress. The wind was blowing a whole gale from the W. at the time. The No. 2 Life-boat, *John Turner-Turner*, immediately put off to her assistance, and found it was the brigantine *Delhi*, of Belfast, 128 tons register, bound from Poole to Runcorn with a cargo of china clay. Her decks were completely swept by the sea; she was leaking badly, and was apparently foundering. Her crew of 6 men were in a most exhausted condition, having been hard at work at the pumps for some time, and were with difficulty clinging to the rigging. The Life-boat with great difficulty succeeded in getting close to the vessel, took the men off, and landed them at Douglas at 8.30 P.M. The vessel subsequently foundered.

[Turn over.]

# ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.

SUPPORTED SOLELY BY VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS.

Patroness—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen.

President—His Grace THE DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, P.C., D.C.L.

## Services of the Life-boats of the Institution in 1877.

<i>Ada Melmore</i> , barque, of Maryport	10	<i>Fuchsia</i> , schooner, of Goole	8	<i>Mountain Hare</i> , of Wexford	6
<i>Adventure</i> , dandy, of Bridgewater	4	<i>George and Valentine</i> , schooner	5	<i>Mythic Tiv</i> , brig, of Ardrossan	7
<i>Agnes and Helen</i> , sch., Bangor	4	<i>George Brown</i> , sch., of Montrose	2	<i>Nanta</i> , barque, of Lussino	13
<i>Aid</i> , ketch, of Hull—assisted to save vessel and	4	<i>George Evans</i> , of Newquay	2	<i>Nelly</i> , cutter-yacht, of London—rendered assistance.	
<i>Alfred and Emma</i> , sch., Barrow	4	<i>Gleaner</i> , schooner, of Southampton—assisted to save vessel and	4	<i>Newbigin</i> fishing cobles—rendered assistance.	
<i>Allerton Packet</i> , sch., Whitstable	5	<i>Guiding Star</i> , schooner, of Wick	8	<i>Newland</i> , smack, of Kilkeel—saved vessel and	3
<i>Alma</i> , barque, of Dramm—rendered assistance.		<i>Hannah and Joseph</i> , Liverpool—assisted to save vessel.		<i>Noach I</i> , barque, Rotterdam—assisted to save vessel and	20
<i>Alphaeta</i> , barque, of Shoreham	12	<i>Hannah Rathkens</i> , of Rostock	5	<i>Nuphar</i> , s.s., of Shields—rendered assistance.	
<i>Andromeda</i> , schooner, of London	6	<i>Happy Return</i> , brig, of Guernsey—assisted to save vessel and	8	<i>Ocean Packet</i> , of Harlingen	7
<i>Anna Maria</i> , brig, of Blyth—assisted to save vessel and	7	<i>Harkaway</i> , lugger, of Shoreham—saved vessel.		<i>Pallas</i> , ketch, of Jersey—assisted to save vessel and	5
<i>Ann and Elizabeth</i> , fishing coble, and another coble	7	<i>Harriet</i> , schooner, of Goole—rendered assistance.		<i>Pembrokeshire Lass</i> , Milford	5
<i>Annie</i> , schooner, of Padstow	5	<i>Hedvig Sophia</i> , Swedish barque	12	<i>Pet</i> , fishing boat, of Lowestoft	11
<i>Ann Prichard</i> , smack, of Carnarvon—saved vessel and	2	<i>Helene</i> , schooner, of Rye	3	<i>Plymouth</i> , schooner, of Plymouth	4
<i>Augia</i> , barque, of Guernsey—assisted to save vessel and	10	<i>Henri Helene</i> , of Nantes—rendered assistance.		<i>Portland</i> , boat—saved boat	2
<i>Aurora</i> , brig, of Ardrossan	7	<i>Hero</i> , barque, of North Shields	15	<i>Prospect</i> , smack, of Eyemouth	2
<i>Aurora</i> , schooner, of Christiania	6	<i>Hope</i> , brig, of Hartlepool—assisted to save vessel and	8	<i>Queen of Hearts</i> , barque, of Miramichie, N.B.	1
<i>Azore</i> , barque, of Christiansund—saved a boat and	8	<i>Ida</i> , barque, of Glasgow	1	<i>Rainton</i> , steamer, of Glasgow—rendered assistance.	
<i>B. F. Nash</i> , brig, of New York	11	<i>Isabella</i> , schooner, of Portmadoc	6	<i>Rebecca and Mary</i> , Carnarvon	5
<i>Barkley</i> , schooner, of Ipswich	5	<i>Iside</i> , Italian barque—rendered assistance.		<i>Result</i> , barque, of Guernsey	9
<i>Barrogill Castle</i> , schooner	10	<i>Jacob Langstrum</i> , barque, of Gothenburg	8	<i>Reward</i> , brig, of Guernsey—assisted to save vessel and	8
<i>Beatriz</i> , brig, of Whithy	6	<i>James</i> , schooner, of Belfast	6	<i>Sarah</i> , ship, of Yarmouth, N.S.	18
<i>Beautiful Star</i> , schooner—rendered assistance.		<i>James, s.s.</i> , of Greenock	4	<i>Sarah</i> , smack—	3
<i>Berdinka</i> , brig, of Hartlepool	14	<i>James Carthy</i> , schooner	10	<i>Sarah Ellen</i> , sch., of Liverpool	3
<i>Blanche et Louis</i> , brig, Nantes	4	<i>James Finnicombe</i> , Sunderland—assisted to save vessel and	17	<i>Sea Lark</i> , schooner, of Castle Hill—assisted to save vessel and	5
<i>Cardigan Island</i> , shore-boat	4	<i>Jane</i> , boat, of Hunstanton	6	<i>Sheringham</i> boat saved, and	2
<i>Ceres</i> , ship, of Greenock	23	<i>Jane</i> , schooner, of Whitehaven	5	<i>Sisters</i> , barque, of Sunderland	11
<i>Charm</i> , schooner, of Montrose	3	<i>Jane and Ellen</i> , schooner, Nefyn	3	<i>Slaney</i> , schooner, of Belfast	1
<i>Christopher Hansteen</i> , brig, of Christiania	8	<i>Jane Cameron</i> , schooner	5	<i>Starling</i> , schooner, of Goole—assisted to save vessel and	5
<i>Constantia</i> , barque, of Sunderland	12	<i>Jessie</i> , schooner, of Perth	4	<i>Success</i> , fishing vessel, of Ramsgate—rendered assistance.	
<i>Craigis</i> , brig, of Whithy—assisted to save vessel and	1	<i>Jeune Prosper</i> , schooner	1	<i>Suez</i> , brig, of Sarpsborg	9
<i>Crocodile</i> , brig, of Dartmouth—remained by vessel.		<i>Johanna Frow</i> , schooner, of Altona—assisted to save vessel.		<i>Supply</i> , schooner, of Newport	3
<i>Crusader</i> , ship, of Liverpool	22	<i>John and Eliza</i> , smack	2	<i>Test</i> , of Portmadoc—assisted.	
<i>Dakota</i> , steamer, of Liverpool	20	<i>John Douse</i> , brig, Falmouth	2	<i>Three Teignmouth</i> fishing boats	10
<i>Darling</i> , sloop, of Beaumaris—assisted to save vessel and	2	<i>Junak</i> , barque, of Spalato	14	<i>Urania</i> , s.s., of Swansea	10
<i>D'Artagnan</i> , French brig	5	<i>Kale</i> , schooner, of Ramsey	4	<i>Victoria</i> , barque, of Sunderland	9
<i>Dillwyn</i> , brig, of Swansea—saved vessel and	8	<i>King Ja-Ja</i> , s.s., of Carnarvon	10	<i>Vier Bröders</i> , of Groningen	4
<i>Dorothea</i> , barque, of Sunderland—assisted to save vessel and	11	<i>Lady Hawlock</i> , brig	8	<i>Vigilant</i> , of St. Andrew's	1
<i>Ebenezer</i> , smack, of Bideford	3	<i>Les Deux Sœurs</i> , ketch—assisted to save vessel and	13	<i>Vine</i> , schooner	2
<i>Eidsvold</i> , brig, of Arendal—assisted to save vessel and	8	<i>Lily</i> , brig, of Guernsey—assisted to save vessel and	8	<i>Wancom</i> , schooner, of Belfast	2
<i>Elizabeth</i> , smack, of Cardigan	2	<i>Linda</i> , yacht, of Carnore	2	<i>Ware</i> , schooner, of Guernsey	6
<i>Ensimainen</i> , schooner, of Borga	12	<i>Lizzie Hale</i> , schooner, of Padstow	6	<i>White Rose</i> , smack—saved vessel	6
<i>Eva</i> , barque, of Dublin	3	<i>Louisa</i> , brigantine, of Weymouth—saved vessel and	7	<i>Wohldorf</i> , barque, of Kiel—assisted to save vessel and	9
<i>Eyemouth</i> fishing boats, assisted to save 21 boats and	21	<i>Ludworth</i> , s.s., of London—assisted to save vessel and	16		
<i>Flora</i> , ship, of Liverpool—rendered assistance.		<i>Maggie Kelso</i> , sch., of Ardrossan	3	Total lives saved by Life-boats, in 1877, in addition to 35 vessels.	848
<i>Fortuna</i> , brig, of Oster Risier	6	<i>Marietta</i> , ship, of Liverpool	13	Ditto in first ten months of 1878, besides 11 vessels	342
<i>Fraserburgh</i> fishing boats—rendered assistance.		<i>Martin Bailly</i> , of Yarmouth—assisted to save vessel and	6	During the same period the Institution granted rewards for saving lives by fishing and other boats	315
<i>Fred Eugene</i> , schooner, Portland	9	<i>Mary</i> , schooner, of Liverpool	3		
<i>French</i> brig—rendered assistance.		<i>Mary Helen</i> , schooner, of Fowey—saved vessel.		Total of lives saved in 22 months—	1505
<i>Frisa</i> , schooner, of Thisted—assisted to save vessel and	7	<i>Mermaid</i> , brigantine—assisted to save vessel.			

THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT have to state that during the year 1877, and the first ten months of 1878, the ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION expended £55,355 on its 269 Life-boat Establishments on the coasts of England, Scotland, and Ireland in addition to having contributed to the saving of 1505 persons from various shipwrecks on our coasts, for which services it granted 11 Silver Medals and 26 Votes of Thanks on Vellum, besides pecuniary rewards to the amount of £5625.

The number of lives saved either by the Life-boats of the Society, or by special exertions for which it has granted rewards, since its formation, is 25,872; for which services 92 Gold Medals, 987 Silver Medals, and £55,695 in cash have been paid in rewards.

The expense of a Life-boat, its equipment, transporting carriage, and boat-house, averages £900, in addition to £70 a year needed to keep the Establishment in a state of efficiency.

Donations and Annual Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the Bankers of the Institution, Messrs. COULTS AND CO., 59 Strand; Messrs. HERRING, FARQUHAR, AND CO., 16 St. James's Street; Messrs. HOARE, 37 Fleet Street, London; by all the other Bankers in the United Kingdom; by all the Life-boat Branches; and by the Secretary, RICHARD LEWIS, Esq., at the Institution, 14 JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, London, W.C.—November, 1878.







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